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Miscellanies.

PERSONAL CHARACTER AND HABITS OF JOHN MILTON.

FROM HIS BIOGRAPHY, BY WILLIAM AUBREY.

Soon after his marriage in 1661, he had removed from Jewin-street to a house in the Artillery-walk, leading to Bunhill-fields, a spot that to his enthusiastic admirers may appear consecrated by his genius: here he resided in that period of his days, when he was peculiarly entitled to veneration; here he probably finished no less than three of his most admirable works; and here, with a dissolution so easy that it was unperceived by the persons in his chamber, he closed a life, clouded indeed by uncommon and various calamities, yet ennobled by the constant exercise of such rare endowments as render his name, perhaps, the very first in that radiant and comprehensive list, of which, England, the most fertile of countries in the produce of mental power, has reason to be proud.

For some years, he had suffered much from the gout, and in July, 1674, he found his constitution so broken by that distemper, that he was willing to prepare for his departure from the world. With this view, he informed his brother Christopher, who was then a bENCHER in the inner Temple, of the disposition he wished to make of his property. "Brother," said the invalid, "the portion due to me from Mr Powell, my first wife's father, I leave to the unkind children I had by her; but I have received no part of it; and my will and meaning is, they shall have no other benefit of my estate than the said portion, and what I have besides done for them; they having been very undutiful to me; and all the residue of my estate, I leave to the disposal of Elizabeth, my loving wife." Such is the brief testament, which Milton dictated to his brother, about the 20th of July; but which Christopher does not appear to have committed to paper, till a few days after the decease of the testator, who expired on Sunday night, the 15th of November, 1674.

"All his learned and great friends in London," says Toland, "not without a friendly concourse of the vulgar, accompanied his body to the church of St. Giles, near Cripplegate, where he lies buried in the chancel." This biographer, who, though he had the misfortune to think very differently from Milton on the great article of religion, yet never fails to speak of him with affectionate respect, indulged a pleasing expectation, when he wrote his life, in the close of the last century, that national munificence would speedily raise a monument worthy of the poet, to protect and to honor his remains. To the discredit of our country, she has failed to pay this decent tribute to the memory of a man, from whose genius she has derived so much glory; but an individual, Mr Benson, in the year 1737, placed a bust of the great author, in Westminster Abbey; an act of liberality that does him credit, though Johnson and Pope have both satirized the monumental inscription, with a degree of cynical asperity: such asperity appears unseasonable, because all the ostentation, so severely censured in Mr Benson, amounts merely to his having said, in the plainest manner, that he raised the monument; and to his having added to his own name a common enumeration of the offices he possessed; a circumstance in which candor might have discovered rather more modesty than pride. Affluence appears particularly amiable when paying a voluntary tribute to neglected genius, even in the grave; nor is Benson the only individual of ample fortune, who has endeared himself to the lovers of literature, by generous endeavors to promote the celebrity of Milton. Affectionate admirers of the poet will honor the memory of the late Mr Hollis, in recollecting that he devoted much time and money to a similar pursuit; and they will regret that he was unable to discover the Italian verses, and the marble bust, which he diligently sought for in Italy, on a suggestion that such memorials of our poetic traveller had been carefully preserved in that country.—But from this brief digression on the recent admirers of Milton, let us return to his family at the time of his decease.

His Will was contested by the daughters, whose undutiful conduct it condemned; being deficient in form, it was set aside, and letters of administration were granted to the widow, who is said to have allotted an hundred pounds to each daughter, a sum which, being probably too little in their opinion, and too much in her's, would naturally produce reciprocal animosity and censure between the contending parties.

It has been already observed, that the recent discovery of this forgotten Will, and the allegations annexed to it, throw considerable light on the domestic life of Milton; and the more insight we can gain into his social and sequestered hours, the more we shall discover, that he was not less entitled to private affection, than to public esteem; but let us

contemplate his person, before we proceed to a minuter examination of his mind and manners.

So infatuated with rancor were the enemies of this illustrious man, that they delineated his form, as they represented his character, with the utmost extravagance of malevolent falsehood; he was not only compared to that monster of deformity, the eyeless Polyphemus, but described as a diminutive, bloodless, and shrivelled creature. Expressions of this kind, in which absurdity and malice are equally apparent, induced him to expose the contemptible virulence of his revilers, by a brief description of his own figure. He presents himself as a man of moderate stature, but not particularly slender, and so far endued with strength and spirit, that as he always wore a sword, he wanted not, in his healthy season of life, either skill or courage to use it; having practised fencing with great assiduity, he considered himself as a match for any antagonist, however superior to him in muscular force; his countenance (he says) was so far from being bloodless, that when turned of forty, he was generally allowed to have the appearance of being ten years younger; even his eyes (he adds) though utterly deprived of sight, did not betray their imperfection; but on the contrary, appeared as speckless and as lucid as if his powers of vision had been peculiarly acute—"In this article alone," says Milton, "and much against my will, I am an hypocrite."

Such is the interesting portrait, which this great writer has left us of himself. Those who had the happiness of knowing him personally, speak in the highest terms even of his personal endowments; and seem to have regarded him as a model of manly grace and dignity, in his figure and deportment.

"His harmonical and ingenious soul," says Aubrey, "dwelt in a beautiful and well proportioned body."

"In toto nusquam corpore menda fuit."

His hair was a light brown, his eyes dark grey, and his complexion so fair, that at college, according to his own expression, he was styled "The Lady," an appellation which he could not relish; but he consoled himself under absurd railing on the delicacy of his person, by recollecting that similar railing had been lavished on those manly and eminent characters of the ancient world, Demosthenes and Hortensius. His general appearance approached not in any degree to effeminacy. "His deportment," says Anthony Wood, "was affable, and his gait erect and manly, bespeaking courage and undauntedness." Richardson, who labored with affectionate enthusiasm to acquire and communicate all possible information concerning the person and manners of Milton, has left the two following sketches of his figure at an advanced period of life.

"An ancient clergyman of Dorsetshire (Dr Wright) found John Milton in a small chamber hung with rusty green, sitting in an elbow chair, and dressed neatly in black, pale but not cadaverous, his hands and fingers gouty and with chalk stones."

"He used also to sit, in a grey coarse cloth coat, at the door of his house near Bunhill-fields, in warm sunny weather, to enjoy the fresh air, and so, as well as in his room, received the visits of people of distinguished parts, as well as quality." It is probable, that Milton, in his youth, was, in some measure, indebted to the engaging graces of his person for that early introduction into the polite society, both in England and abroad, which improved the natural sweetness of his character (so visible in all his genuine portraits) and led him to unite with profound erudition, and with the sublimest talents, an endearing and cheerful delicacy of manners, very rarely attained by men whose application to study is continual and intense.

The enemies of Milton, indeed, (and his late biographer I must reluctantly include under that description) have labored to fix upon him a fictitious and most unamiable character of austerity. "What we know," says Johnson, "of Milton's character in domestic relations, is, that he was severe and arbitrary. His family consisted of women, and there appears in his books something like a Turkish contempt of females, as subordinate and inferior beings; that his own daughters might not break the ranks, he suffered them to be depressed by a mean and penurious education. He thought woman made only for obedience, and man for rebellion."—This is assuredly the intemperate language of hatred, and very far from being consonant to truth.

As it was thought a sufficient defence of Sophocles, when he was barbarously accused of mental imbecility by his unnatural children, to read a portion of his recent dramatic works, so, I am confident, the citation of a few verses from our English bard, may be enough to clear him from a charge equally groundless, and almost as ungenerous.

No impartial reader of genuine sensibility, will deem it

possible, that the poet could have entertained a Turkish contempt of females, who has thus delineated Woman:

All higher knowledge in her presence fails
Degraded; wisdom, in discourse with her,
Loses discountenanced, and like folly, shows;
Authority and reason on her wait,
As one intended first, not after made
Occasionally; and to consummate all,
Greatness of mind and nobleness, their seat
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe
About her, as a guard angelic placed.

A description so complete could arise only from such exquisite feelings in the poet, as insured to every deserving female his tenderest regard. This argument might be still more enforced by a passage in the speech of Raphael; but the preceding verses are, I trust, sufficient to counteract the uncandid attempt of the acrimonious biographer to prejudice the fairest part of the creation against a poet, who has surpassed his peers in delineating their charms; whose poetry, a more enchanting mirror than the lake that he describes in Paradise, represents their mental united to their personal graces, and exhibits in perfection all the loveliness of woman.

As to Milton's depressing his daughters by a mean and penurious education, it is a calumny resting only on a report, that he would not allow them the advantage of learning to write. This is evidently false; since Aubrey, who was personally acquainted with the poet, and who had probably consulted his widow in regard to many particulars of his life, expressly affirms, that his youngest daughter was his amanuensis; a circumstance of which my friend Romney has happily availed himself to decorate the folio edition of this life, with a production of his pencil. The youngest daughter of Milton had the most frequent opportunities of knowing his temper, and she happens to be the only one of his children who has delivered a deliberate account of it; but her account, instead of confirming Johnson's idea of her father's domestic severity, will appear to the candid reader to refute it completely. "She spoke of him," says Richardson, "with great tenderness; she said he was delightful company, the life of the conversation; and that on account of a flow of subject, and an unaffected cheerfulness and civility." It was this daughter who related the extraordinary circumstance, that she and one of her sisters read to their father several languages, which they did not understand: it is remarkable, that she did not speak of it as a hardship; nor could it be thought an intolerable grievance in an affectionate child, who thus assisted a blind parent in laboring for the maintenance of his family. Such an employment, however, must have been irksome; and the considerate father, on finding that it was so, sent out his children (according to the expression of his nephew) to learn some curious and ingenious sorts of manufacture, particularly embroideries in gold or silver." That he was no penurious parent, is strongly proved by an expression that he made use of, in speaking of his Will, when he declared, that "he had made provision for his children in his life-time, and had spent the greatest part of his estate in providing for them." It is the more barbarous to arraign the poet for domestic cruelty, because he appears to have suffered from the singular tenderness and generosity of his nature. He had reason to lament that excess of indulgence, with which he forgave and received again his disobedient and long-alienated wife; since their re-union not only disquieted his days, but gave birth to daughters who seem to have inherited the perversity of their mother:

The wisest and best men full oft beguiled
With goodness principled, not to reject
The penitent, but ever to forgive,
Are drawn to wear out miserable days,
Intangled with a poissous bosom-snake.

These pathetic lines, in a speech of his Sampson Agonistes, strike me as a forcible allusion to his own connubial infelicity. If in his first marriage he was eminently unhappy, his success in the two last, turned the balance of fortune in his favor. That his second wife deserved, possessed, and retained his affection, is evident from his sonnet occasioned by her death; of the care and kindness which he had long experienced from the partner of his declining life, he spoke with tender gratitude to his brother, in explaining his testamentary intention; and we are probably indebted to the care and kindness, which the aged poet experienced from his affectionate guardian, for the happy accomplishment of his inestimable works. A blind and desolate father must be utterly unequal to the management of disobedient daughters conspiring against him; the anguish he endured from their filial ingratitude, and the base deceptions, with which they con-

tinually tormented him, must have rendered even the strongest mind very unfit for poetical application. The marriage, which he concluded by the advice and the aid of his friend Dr. Paget, seems to have been his only resource against a most exasperating and calamitous species of domestic disquietude; it appears, therefore, not unreasonable to regard those immortal poems, which recovered tranquillity enabled him to produce, as the fruits of that marriage. As matrimony has, perhaps, annihilated many a literary design, let it be remembered, to its honor, that it probably gave birth to the highest offspring of literature.

The two eldest daughters of Milton, appear to me utterly unworthy of their father; but those who adopt the dark prejudices of Johnson, and believe with him, that the great poet was an austere domestic tyrant, will find, in their idea of the father, an apology for his children, whose destiny in the world I shall immediately mention, that I may have occasion to speak of them no more. Anne, the eldest, who with a deformed person had a pleasing face, married an architect, and died, with her first infant, in child-bed. Mary, the second, and apparently the most deficient in affection to her father, died unmarried. Deborah, who was the favorite of Milton, and who, long after his decease, discovered, on a casual sight of his genuine portrait, very affecting emotions of filial tenderness and enthusiasm, even Deborah deserted him without his knowledge; not in consequence of his paternal severity, of which she was very far from complaining, but, as Richardson intimates, from a disgust she had conceived against her mother-in-law. On quitting the house of her father, she went to Ireland with a lady, and afterwards became the wife of Mr Clarke, a weaver, in Spital-fields.—As her family was numerous, and her circumstances not affluent, the liberal Addison made her a present, from a regard to the memory of her father, and intended to procure her some decent establishment, but died before he could accomplish his generous design. From Queen Caroline, she received fifty guineas; a donation as ill proportioned to the rank of the donor, as to the mental dignity of the great genius, whose indigent daughter was the object of this unprincipally munificence. Mrs Clarke had ten children, but none of them appear to have attracted public regard, till Dr. Birch and Dr. Newton, two benevolent and respectable biographers of the poet, discovered his grand-daughter, Mrs Elizabeth Foster, keeping a little chandler's shop in the city, poor, aged and infirm; they publicly spoke of her condition; Johnson was then writing, as the coadjutor of Lauder, in his attempt to sink the glory of Milton; but as the critic's charity was still greater than his spleen, he seized the occasion of recommending, under Lauder's name, this necessitous descendant of the great poet, to the benefice of his country. "Comus" was represented for her benefit, in the year 1750, and Johnson, to his honor, contributed a prologue on the occasion, in which noble sentiments are nobly expressed.

The poor grand-daughter of Milton gained but one hundred and thirty pounds by this public benefaction; this sum, however, small as it was, afforded peculiar comfort to her declining age, by enabling her to retire to Islington with her husband: she had seven children, who died before her, and before her own death, it is probable that the line of the poet became extinct. Let us hasten from this painful survey of his progeny, to the more enlivening contemplation of his rare mental endowments.

Enthusiasm was the characteristic of his mind. In politics, it made him sometimes too generously credulous, and sometimes too rigorously decisive; but in poetry, it exalted him to such a degree of excellence, as no man has hitherto surpassed; nor is it probable that in this province he will ever be excelled; for although in all the arts there are undoubtedly points of perfection much higher than any mortal has yet attained, still it requires such a coincidence of so many advantages depending on the influence both of nature and of destiny, to raise a great artist of any kind, that the world has but little reason to expect productions of poetical genius superior to the *Paradise Lost*. There was a bold yet refined originality of conception, which characterized the mental powers of Milton, and give him the highest claim to distinction: we are not only indebted to him for having exalted and ennobled the province of epic poetry, but he has another title to our regard, as the founder of that recent and enchanting English art, which has embellished our country, and, to speak the glowing language of a living bard, very eloquent in its praise,

—made Albion smile,
One ample theatre of sylvan grace.

The elegant historian of modern gardening, Lord Orford, and the two accomplished poets, who have celebrated its charms both in France and England, De Lille and Mason, have, with great justice and felicity of expression, paid their homage to Milton, as the beneficent genius, who bestowed upon the world this youngest and most lovely of the arts.—As a contrast to the Miltonic garden, I may point out to the notice of the reader, what has escaped, I think, all the learned writers on this engaging subject, the garden of the imperious Duke of Alva, described in a poem of the celebrated Lope de Vega. The sublime vision of Eden, as Lord Orford truly calls it, proves, indeed, as the same writer observes, how little the poet suffered from the loss of sight.—The native disposition of Milton, and his personal infirmity,

conspired to make contemplation his chief business and chief enjoyment. Few poets have devoted so large a portion of their time to intense and regular study; yet he often made a pause of some months in the progress of his great work, if we may confide in the circumstantial narrative of his nephew. "I had the perusal of it from the very beginning," says Phillips, "for some years, as I went from time to time to visit him, in parcels of ten, twenty, or thirty verses at a time, (which, being written by whatever hand came next, might possibly want correction as to the orthography and pointing). Having, as the summer came on, not been showed any for a considerable while, and desiring the reason thereof, was answered that his vein never happily flowered, but from the autumnal equinox to the vernal."

Johnson takes occasion, from this anecdote, to treat the sensations of Milton with severity, and to deride him for submitting to the influence of the seasons; he lavishes ridicule, not less acrimonious, on the great poet, for having yielded to a fashionable dread of evils still more fantastic. "There prevailed in his time (says the critic) an opinion that the world was in its decay, and that we had the misfortune to be born in the decrepitude of nature. Johnson exposes, with great felicity of expression, this absurd idea, of which his own frame of body and mind was a complete refutation; but instead of deriding the great poet for harboring so weak a conceit, he might have recollect that Milton himself has spurned this chimera of timid imagination, in very spirited Latin verses, written in his twentieth year, and expressly against the folly of supposing nature impaired.

The spirit of the poet was, in truth, little formed for yielding to any weaknesses of fancy, that could impede mental exertion; and we may consider it one of the striking peculiarities of his character, that with an imagination so exursive, he possessed a mind so industrious.

His studious habits are thus described by his acquaintance Aubrey and others, who collected their account from his widow:—He rose at four in the summer, at five in the winter, and regularly began the day by hearing a chapter in the Hebrew Bible; it was read to him by a man, who, after this duty, left him to meditation of some hours, and, returning at seven, either read or wrote for him till twelve; he then allowed himself an hour for exercise, which was usually walking, and when he grew blind, the occasional resource of a swing: after an early and temperate dinner, he commonly allotted some time to music, his favorite amusement; and his own musical talents happily furnished him with a pleasing relaxation from his severe pursuits; he was able to vary his instrument, as he played both on the bass viol and the organ, with the advantage of an agreeable voice, which his father had probably taught him to cultivate in his youth. This regular custom of the great poet, to indulge himself in musical relaxation after food, has been recently praised as favorable to mental exertion, in producing all the good effects of sleep, with none of its disadvantages, by an illustrious scholar, who, like Milton, united the passion and the talent of poetry, to habits of intense and diversified application. Sir William Jones, in the third volume of *Asiatic Researches*, has recommended, from his own experience, this practice of Milton, who from music returned to study; at eight he took a light supper, and at nine retired to bed.

If such extreme regularity could be preserved at any period, it must have been in the closing years of his life. While he was in office, his time was undoubtedly much engaged, not only by official attendance, but by his intercourse with learned foreigners, as the Parliament allowed him a weekly table for their reception. The Latin compositions of Milton had rendered him, on the continent, an object of idolatry; "and strangers (says Wood, who was far from being partial to his illustrious contemporary) visited the house where he was born." Even in his latter days, when he is supposed to have been neglected by his countrymen, intelligent foreigners were solicitous to converse with him as an object of their curiosity and veneration; they regarded him, and very justly, as the prime wonder of England; for he was, in truth, a person so extraordinary, that it may be questioned if any age or nation has produced his parallel. Is there, in the records of literature, an author to be found, who, after gaining such extensive celebrity as a political disputant, cast off the mortal vesture of a polemic, and arose in the purest splendor of poetical immortality?

Biographers are frequently accused of being influenced by affection for their subject; to a certain degree it is right that they should be so; for what is biography in its fairest point of view? a tribute paid by justice and esteem to genius and to virtue; and never is this tribute more pleasing or more profitable to mankind, than when it is liberally paid, with all the fervor and all the fidelity of friendship; the chief delight and the chief utility that arises from this attractive branch of literature, consists in the affectionate interest, which it displays and communicates in favor of the talents and probity that it aspires to celebrate; hence the most engaging pieces of biography are those that have been written by relations of the deceased. This remark is exemplified in the life of Agricola by Tacitus, and in that of Racine, the dramatic poet, written by his son, who was also a poet, and addressed to his grandson.

It has been the lot of Milton to have his life frequently described, and recently, by a very powerful author, who, had he loved the character he engaged to delineate, might, per-

haps, have satisfied the admirers of the poet, and closed the list of his numerous biographers. But the very wonderful mind of Johnson, was so embittered by prejudice, that in delineating a character confessedly pre-eminent in eminent accomplishments, in genius, and in piety, he perpetually endeavors to represent him as unamiable; and instead of attributing any mistaken opinions that he might entertain, to such sources as charity and reason conspire to suggest, imputes them to supposed vices in his mind, most foreign to his nature, and the very worst that an enemy could imagine.

THE LIBRARY.

"Books, like men, their authors, have but one way of coming into the world; but there are ten thousand to go out of it, and return no more."—TALE OF A TUB.

Let us take off our hats, and march with reverent steps, for we are about to enter a Library, that intellectual heaven wherein are assembled all those master-spirits of the world who have achieved immortality; those mental giants who have undergone their apotheosis, and from the shelves of this literary temple, still hold silent communion with their mortal votaries. Here, as in one focus, are concentrated the rays of all the great luminaries since Cadmus, the inventor of letters, discovered the noble art of arresting so subtle, volatile, and invisible a thing as Thought, and imparted to it an existence more durable than that of brass and marble. This was, indeed, the triumph of mind over matter; the lighting up of a new sun; the formation of a moral world only inferior to the Almighty fiat that produced Creation. But for this miraculous process of eternizing knowledge, the reasoning faculty would have been bestowed upon man in vain: it would have perished with the evanescent frame in which it was embodied; human experience would not extend beyond individual life; the wisdom of each generation would be lost to its successor, and the world could never have emerged from the darkness of barbarism. Books have been the great civilizers of men. The earliest literature of every country, has been probably agricultural; for subsistence is the most pressing want of every new community: abundance, when obtained, would have to be secured from the attacks of less industrious savages; hence the necessity for the arts of war, for eloquence, hymns of battle, and funeral orations. Plenty and security, soon introduce luxury and refinement; leisure is found for writing and reading; literature becomes ornamental as well as useful; and poets are valued, not only for the delight they afford, but for their exclusive power of conferring a celebrity more durable than all the fame that can be achieved by medals, statues, monuments and pyramids; or even by the foundation of cities, dynasties and empires.

This battered, soiled and dog-eared Homer, so fraught with scholastic reminiscences, is the most sublime illustration of the preservative power of poetry, that the world has yet produced. Nearly three thousand years have elapsed since the body of the author reverted to dust; and here is his mind, his thoughts, his very words, handed down to us entire, although the language in which he wrote, has for many ages become silent upon the earth. This circumstance, however, is rather favorable to endurance; for a classic poem, like the phoenix, rises with renewed vigor from the ashes of its language. He who writes in living tongue, casts a flower upon a running stream, which buoys it up and carries it swimmingly forward for a time; but the rapidity of its flight destroys its freshness and withers its form, when, the beauties of its leaves being no longer recognizable, it soon sinks unnoticed to the bottom. A poem in a dead language, is the same flower poised upon a still, secluded fountain, whose unperturbed waters gradually convert it into a petrifaction, unfading and immutable. To render Achilles invulnerable, he was dipped into the river of the dead; and he who would arm his work against the scythe of Time, must clothe it in an extinct language. When the Chian bard wandered through the world, reciting his unwritten verses, which then existed only as a sound, Thebes, with its hundred gates, flourished in all its stupendous magnificence; and the leathern ladies and gentlemen who grin at us from glass cases, under the denomination of mummies, were walking about its streets, dancing in its halls, or perhaps prostrating themselves before that identical Apis, or Ox-deity, whose thigh-bone was ruminated out of the sarcophagus in the great pyramid, and transported to England by Captain Fitzclarence. Three hundred years rolled away after the Iliad was composed, before the she-wolf destined to nourish Romulus and Remus prowled amid the wilderness of the seven hills, whereon the marble palaces of Rome were subsequently to be founded. But why instance mortals and cities that have sprung up and crumbled into dust; since an immortal has been called into existence in the intervening period? Cupid, the god of love, is nowhere mentioned in the works of Homer, though his mother plays so distinguished a part in the poem; and so many situations occur where he would infallibly have been introduced, had he been then enrolled in the celestial ranks. It is obvious, therefore, that he was the production of later mythologists; but, alas! the deity and his religion, the nations that worshipped him, and the cities where his temples were reared, are all swept away in one common ruin. Mortals and immortals, creeds and systems, nations and empires, all are annihilated together.—

Even their heaven is no more. Hyenas assemble upon Mount Olympus, instead of deities; Parnassus is a desolate waste; and the silence of that wilderness, once covered with laurel groves and gorgeous fanes, whence Apollo gave out his oracles, is now only broken by the occasional crumbling of some fragment from the rocky summit of the two-forked hill, scaring the wolf from his den and the eagle from her cliff.

And yet here is the poem of Homer fresh and youthful as when it first emanated from his brain; nay, it is probably in the very infancy of its existence, only in the outset of its career, and the generations whom it has delighted, are as nothing compared to those whom it is destined to charm in its future progress to eternity. Contrast this majestic and immortal fate with that of the evanescent dust and clay, the poor perishing frame whose organization gave it birth; and what an additional argument does it afford, that the soul capable of such sublime efforts, cannot be intended to revert to the earth, with its miserable tegument of flesh. That which could produce immortality, may well aspire to its enjoyment.

Numerous as they are, what are the books preserved, in comparison with those that we have lost? The dead races of mankind, scarcely outnumber the existing generation more prodigiously than do the books that have perished, exceed those that remain to us. Men are naturally scribblers, and there has probably prevailed, in all ages since the invention of letters, a much more extensive literature than is dreamt of in our philosophy. Ozymandias, the ancient King of Egypt, if Herodotus may be credited, built a library in his palace, over the door of which was the well known inscription—"Physic for the Soul." Job wished that his adversary had written a book; probably for the consolation of cutting it up in some Quarterly or Jerusalem Review: the expression, at all events, indicates a greater activity "in the Row," than we are apt to ascribe to those primitive times. Allusion is also made in the Scriptures to the library of the Kings of Persia, as well as one built by Nehemiah. Ptolemy Philadelphus had a collection of 700,000 volumes destroyed by Caesar's soldiers; and the Alexandrian Library, burnt by the Caliph Omar, contained 400,000 manuscripts. What a combustion of congregated brains!—the quintessence of ages—the wisdom of a world—all simultaneously converted into smoke and ashes! This, as Cowley would have said, is to put out the fire of genius by that of the torch; to extinguish the light of reason, in that of its own funeral pyre; to make matter once more triumph over mind. Possibly, however, our loss is rather imaginary than real, greater in quantity than in quality. Men's intellects, like their frames, continue pretty much the same in all ages; and the human faculty, limited in its sphere of action, and operating always upon the same materials, soon arrives at an impassable acme, which leaves us nothing to do but to ring the changes upon antiquity. Half our epic poems are modifications of Homer, though none are equal to that primitive model; our Ovidian elegies, our Pindarics and our Anacreontics, all resemble their first parents, in features as well as in name. Fertilizing our minds with the brains of our predecessors, we raise new crops of the old grain, and pass away to prepare the field for future harvests of the same description.

DOME OF ST. PETER'S.

You will stare, when I tell you that a broad paved road leads up to the top of St. Peter's church; not, perhaps, practicable for carriages, from its winding nature; but so excellent a bridle road, that there is a continual passage of horses and mules upon it, which go up laden with stones and lime; and the ascent is so gentle, and the road so good, that any body might ride up and down with perfect safety. The way is very long, and as I have not yet quite recovered my strength, I longed for a donkey to carry me up. But none was to be had, and I was compelled to walk. I reached the roof at last, which seems like a city in itself. Small houses, and ranges of workshops for the laborers employed in the never-ending repairs of the church, are built here, and are lost upon this immense leaden plain, as well as the eighteen cupolas of the side chapels of the church, which are not distinguishable from below.

Though only comparatively small, how diminutive do they seem, compared to that stupendous dome, the triumph of modern architecture, in which is fulfilled the proud boast of Michael Angelo, that he would lift the vault of the Pantheon, and hang it in air! It is exactly of the same magnitude. Its beautiful proportions, and finished grandeur, towering into heaven, can here be fully seen. From below they are lost, owing to being thrown back by the length of the Latin cross, and consequently sunk behind the mean elevation of the front; so that this noble dome is no where seen to so little advantage as from that point in which it should appear to the most—the Piazza of St. Peter's.

We rambled about and rested ourselves on the marble seats which are commodiously placed upon the leads; and we might, without doubt, have made many grand and sublime meditations; but a ridiculous idea—which unluckily entered some of our heads, that the great cupola, with all the little ones about it, looked like a hen with a brood of chickens—completely put all such ideas to flight. "What simpletons must they have been, that could find nothing better to think of, on the top of St. Peter's!" methinks I hear you say.

We commenced the ascent of the great dome, by a succession of staircases, ingeniously contrived, and from which passages lead out both upon its internal and external galleries. One of the former, like the whispering gallery of St. Paul's—as if to verify the proverb, that walls have ears—carries round a sound, inaudible to the nearest bystander, clear and distinct to a listener on the opposite side of its vast circumference.

We began to have some idea of the immense height we had already gained. The Mosaic figures of the saints and apostles, emblazoned on the vaulted roof, were now so near as to stare upon us in all their gigantic proportions, and from the highest gallery we looked down into the fearful depth of the church below, upon the minute forms of the human beings, who, like emmets, were creeping about in it. How contemptible did they look from hence! And is that diminutive speck—that insignificant nothing—lost even in the mightiness of that fabric himself has raised—is that he, who has called forth these wonderful creations of art, and made nature subservient to his will, to adorn it with beauty and majesty? Is that the being whose ambition would embrace the universe—whose littleness and greatness at once call forth contempt and admiration? Strange compound of a divinity and a brute—allied equally to the worm and to the god—made "but a little lower than the angels;" and yet, but a little raised above the beasts that perish; a creature of clay, endowed with a heavenly soul—mortal destined to immortality. Man is indeed, "the glory, jest and riddle of the world!" But if I begin to moralize about man, we shall never get to the top of St. Peter's.

In the course of our progress, we walked round the external cornice of the dome, which is so broad, that though there is no fence round its edge, three or four persons might walk abreast with perfect safety. We were informed that it is half a mile in circumference; but I would not guarantee the truth of this statement.

At last, by flights of very narrow stairs, and long, bending passages, sloping inwards to suit the inclination of the rapidly narrowing curve, we reached the summit of that astonishing dome, to which we had so often looked with admiration from below; and, perched at a height above the flight of the fowls of heaven, we enjoyed the far-extended and interesting prospect, over mountain, flood and plain.

The beautiful amphitheatre of hills, which encloses the Campagna, stretching round the blue horizon on three sides; the pointed summits of the loftier Appenines behind, which alone were wreathed with snow—as if winter had enthroned himself there, looking sullenly down on the plains and verdant hills not subject to his sway;—the Tiber, in its long sinuous windings through the waste,—like a snake coiled up in the desert, betrayed by its glistening surface far beyond it, the desolate spot where Ostia once stood, and where the silver waters of the Mediterranean were gleaming in the sunbeams; Rome at our feet—her churches, her palaces, her dark and distant ruins; the rich verdure and golden fruit of the orange gardens of her convents, far beneath us, contrasting with the deep shade of the mournful cypress;—such a scene as this, fanned with the pure fresh blowing gale, as mild and soft as the breath of summer, that delighted every sense; and canopied by that clear blue sky of ethereal brightness and beauty, that words can never paint—such a scene as this would surely awaken some admiration, even in the coldest heart!

We enjoyed it in perfect security, the top of the dome being surrounded by a railing, which is indiscernible from below. "We were at the base of the ball which surmounts the dome, and forms its upper ornament, and certainly had no wish to emulate the adventurous French lady, recorded by Eustace, who climbed to the top of it; but, unfortunately for our peace, we had in our party a naval officer, who clambered up the aerial-looking ladder that is fixed round it, with as much ease as he would have run up the shrouds of a man of war, and not satisfied with this exploit, contrived, by some extraordinary process, to hoist himself up the smooth polished sides of the metallic cross, and actually seated himself upon its horizontal bar!

For his safety we entertained no fears. He had been rocked on the giddy mast, and cradled in the storm; but we trembled to see his example followed by almost all the gentlemen who were with us; not that there was any thing to be gained, or seen by it, but that they would not, on any account, be outdone; and then there was the future dear delight of boasting that they had stood on the top of St. Peter's—cheaply purchased at the risk of breaking their necks. We were therefore doomed to see these silly men, one after another, go up this terrible place; about half of the way round the lower convexity of the ball, in a posture nearly horizontal, with their heads downwards,—much as a fly creeps along a ceiling; we observed the secret fear and agitation painted on their countenances, and knew that a moment's giddiness, a single false step, must precipitate them down a height that it was agony to think of—but we durst not speak. More lucky than wise, however, they all descended in safety, and we, resolving to do something in our turn, went up into the inside of the ball—an enterprise by no means difficult or dangerous, but somewhat tedious; one person only being able to ascend at once; and by the time the last had got up, the first was nearly baked to death; for

an Italian sun, to the temperature of an oven. In this delightful situation, we began "God save the king," in full chorus; but long before it was concluded, the loyalty of most of us had melted away, and we were almost tumbling over each other's head, down the narrow ladder—far more eager to get out than we had ever been to get in.

Although this ball looks from below no larger than an apple, it can contain in the inside about eighteen people; and we calculated that even more might be packed in it, if they did not suffocate.

It is impossible to form any idea of the immensity of St. Peter's, without going to the top.

The long-winded paved road that ascends to the dome, leads as if to the summit of a mountain: the amazing extent of roof; the vast space on which every thing is constructed; the endless height to which you afterwards climb by staircases and ascending passages to the top of the dome, from which, as if from heaven, you look down on the earth, scarcely able to discern the human beings upon its surface: all this, indeed, may give you some idea of its stupendous size, which from below you can never conceive; and which, I am sure, my description will never make you understand.

From the African Repository.

ARCHBISHOP SHARPE.

Granville Sharpe was descended from a very ancient and respectable family in Yorkshire. His grandfather was the venerable John Sharpe, Archbishop of York, a man of eminent integrity, learning, disinterestedness, and holy devotion to the duties of his office. An anecdote of so singular a character is related of this excellent man, that we think we shall gratify our readers by inserting it.

It was his lordship's custom to have a saddled horse attending his carriage, that in case of fatigue from sitting, he might refresh himself with a ride. As he was thus going to his Episcopal residence, and was got a mile or two before his carriage, a decent, well-looking young man came up to him, and with a trembling hand and faltering tongue, presenting a pistol to his breast, demanded his money. The Archbishop with great composure, turned about, and looking steadfastly at him, desired him to remove that dangerous weapon, and tell him fairly his condition. "Sir, sir," cried the youth, with great agitation, "your money instantly!" "Hear me, young man," said the Archbishop; "you see I am a very old man, and my life is of very little consequence; yours is far otherwise. I am named Sharpe, and am Archbishop of York; my carriage and servants are behind: tell me what money you want, and who you are, and I'll not injure you, but prove a friend. Here, take this; and now ingenuously tell me how much you want to make you independent of so destructive a business as they are engaged in." "O, sir," replied the man, "I detest the business as much as you. I am—but at home, there are creditors who will not stay. Fifty pounds, my lord, indeed would do what no tongue can tell." "Well, sir, I take your word; and upon my honor, if you will call upon me in a day or two at —, what I have now given shall be made up to that sum." The highwayman looked at him, was silent, and went off; and at the time appointed actually waited on the Archbishop, and assured his lordship, his words had left impressions which nothing could ever destroy.

Nothing more transpired for a year and a half, or more; when one morning a person knocked at his Grace's gate, and with peculiar earnestness, desired to see him. He entered the room, but had scarce advanced a few steps, before his countenance changed, his knees tottered, and he sunk, almost breathless, to the floor. On recovering, he requested an audience in private. The apartment being cleared, "my lord," said he, "you cannot have forgotten the circumstance at such a time and place; gratitude will never suffer them to be obliterated from my mind. In me, my lord, you now behold that once most wretched of mankind; but now, by your inexpressible humanity, rendered equal, perhaps superior, in happiness, to millions. O, my lord, (tears for a while prevented his utterance,) 'tis you, 'tis you, that have saved a dear and much loved wife, and a family of children, whom I loved dearer than my life. Here are fifty pounds; but never shall I find language to testify what I feel. Your God is your witness; your deed itself is your glory; and may Heaven and all its blessings be your present and everlasting reward. I was the younger son of a wealthy man; your lordship knows him: my marriage alienated his affection, and my brother withdrew his love, and left me to sorrow and penury. A month since, my brother died a bachelor, and intestate.—What was his has become mine; and by your goodness, I am now at once the most penitent, the most grateful, and happiest of my species."

Intemperance and idleness, are two of the most dangerous enemies which a man can foster.

The love of our neighbor is as essential for the well-being of civilized society, as it is necessary for the security of eternal happiness.

How many do we meet with in our intercourse in life, who affect to despise what passes their comprehension.

A mind devoid of reflection, may be compared to an uninhabited house, which contains dirt and filth, and increases its ruin daily.

Editor's Correspondence.*For the Literary Journal.***NOTES, BY A TRAVELLER.**

NUMBER FOUR.

PARIS.

May 26th.—I have to-day, for the first time, attended a Parisian dinner-party. Irksome as the solemn and lugubrious assemblies on such occasions in our own country usually are, I here expected some entertainment, and I was not disappointed. A Frenchman, whatever be his calling, has his place of business connected with his residence; and the merchant who invited me on this occasion, had his counting-house in front, and an elegant mansion, with the never failing accompaniment, a garden, in the rear. The etiquette consists in entering, with white kid gloves, and hat in hand, a small saloon, where you are received by the master and lady of the house; and are kept standing, at your ease or otherwise, for a long time on the polished, uncarpeted oak floor. At the signal for dinner, each gentleman escorts a lady to the *salle à manger*; no introductions are given, and every one departs whenever he feels disposed. The interior of the mansion was tasteful and elegant—three apartments, opening into each other, and with windows leading from each to the garden. The first was a library, the second a drawing-room, and the third a small boudoir with hangings of yellow silk. The table was elegantly and tastefully decorated; the display of wines extremely rich; and the dinner, although less solid, was far more delicious and healthful than the enormous masses of food under which our tables usually groan.

June 7th.—Charles the Tenth was crowned at Rheims on the twenty-ninth of May: and to-day, it has been our fortune to witness his grand entry into Paris. We stationed ourselves upon a balcony in the Rue St. Martin, one of the widest and most populous streets in Paris; and there, while looking down upon a collection of three or four hundred thousand people—upon the whole population of Paris and of the surrounding country—I, for the first time, was made to feel what is meant by the wave of the multitude; the restless and turbulent sea of the populace; on whose bosom in this country, many a leader has risen to power; and which has so often swept in desolation over the landmarks of rank and station. There rolled the wild and stormy living sea, on which Robespierre and Napoleon rode to empire; and which has more than once, overturned all that society holds dear, and all that is valuable and precious, in private life.

The procession was gorgeous and imposing, to a degree which in a republican of America could, for a while, give rise to no other emotion than that of utter amazement: a feeling as if he had been suddenly transported to another planet, and had there witnessed a display of pomp and magnificence on a scale beyond the extent of even his wildest reveries. Royalty, attended by a guard of twenty thousand cavalry, moving through streets decorated with flowers, waving with silken banners, lined for miles with soldiers, and thronged with the heads, and resounding with the acclamations, of four hundred thousand people, formed a scene which cannot be forgotten.

During the evening, the city has been illuminated, and every street thronged with moving crowds. The uproar of so vast a multitude has been tremendous. I can compare it to nothing but the hoarse murmur of the ocean, when the storm which has swept over it is retiring, and the winds that have been warring on its bosom, are dying away.—The most magnificent points in the illumination, were the bridges, the adjoining palaces, and the garden of the Tuilleries. The latter, on one side of which is the front of the palace, was surrounded on the others by a light gallery, by means of which the whole area was lighted as brilliantly as a ballroom. If the scenes of the day and evening are any test of the popular feeling, his Majesty has not yet created any very strong attachment in the hearts of his people. They have exhibited few marks of loyalty; and those few were doubtless owing more to the excitement of the scene itself, than to any previous feeling of regard.

June 8th.—This day, the theatres are all thrown open; and plays are exhibited in broad day-light, to the crowds of the populace. The present is a season of jubilee; and strangers

now in France witness the spectacle of a mighty nation engaged in the sole pursuit of amusement. The vast multitude—the mob—which in our own country we talk of, but never see, has come forth from its ten thousand nameless retreats, and inundated the streets and public squares of Paris. Every thing of a public nature is thrown open; and the whole city is one vast scene of feasting and revelry, processions, pageantry, and pomp.

June 27th.—We went this afternoon for the second time to Versailles and St. Cloud; both of which at this season, present very great attractions. The grounds at Versailles are laid out with great taste, descending from the palace by a gradual slope, for about a mile. During this visit, we had an opportunity to witness the magnificent effect produced by the great water-works in the garden. A figure of Neptune in his car, stands in the centre of a vast basin, and is apparently drawn by a number of sea monsters half seen above the water, attended by tritons sounding their shells. The basin is surmounted by about fifty large urns, from each of which, as well as from the mouths of the various figures, a stream of water is thrown up to a great height, so as almost to conceal the central figure from the view of the spectator. This scene was exhibited in various parts of the gardens at the same time, and was witnessed by forty or fifty thousand spectators, who were dispersed among the different avenues and walks. It is one of the standing amusements with which the King regales the populace, who are prone to look only at the present moment, delighting in such scenes of luxury and show, and forgetting that the means for supporting this gorgeous magnificence, is drawn from their own purses.—With all their intelligence, they are remarkably willing to be duped by idle and ostentatious parade; and are continually to be seen, the rich and the poor, the educated and the ignorant, gazing at scenes of public display which would be viewed by any other people with feelings of resentment, as an unnecessary increase of their burthens, and as but a vain show of regal generosity, at their own expense.

July 7th.—Attended the Royal Italian Theatre, and witnessed the performance of the celebrated Madame Pasta, as Desdemona. This theatre is distinguished for the excellence of its music and the unrivalled beauty of its scenery. The number of performers in the orchestra is about fifty. Notwithstanding the delight and enthusiasm with which they listen to the music, the guarded and profound silence which they preserve, is remarkable. Every thing attests the power with which the feelings of this susceptible people are affected. Old men may be seen leaning forward from the galleries, beating time to the music; and the slightest breach of decorum is sure to call forth a general hiss.

The effect produced by the illusion of scenery on the French stage, can scarcely be imagined by one who has not witnessed it. The changes are frequently so rapid as to bewilder an unaccustomed eye; and in this quick succession of imposing objects, the spectator has little time to think of, and much less to criticise, the machinery by which it is produced. He gazes for a moment upon some striking and difficult scene—a host of demons, for instance, summoned by the wand of an enchanter, amid a confusion of the elements, sheets of flame, subterranean explosions, and every thing that is strange and grotesque: but before he is able to detect the actor through his disguise of monster or spirit—before he can analyze a scene thus addressed solely to his imagination; the whole has vanished, and given place to another of a totally different character, though equally imposing; but the details of which he is equally unable to examine.

The French language has little adaptation to Tragedy, or to scenes of an heroic and commanding character. Passion and sublimity cannot always be expressed by a language the peculiar ease and fluency of which in the description of ordinary occurrences, renders it in the same degree unfit as a medium for great strength and depth of feeling. A French tragedy almost uniformly presents a strong contrast between the language and the action. The latter frequently contains much that is highly exciting—plots, conspiracies, suicides, battles, and all the other resources of the drama; while the former, throughout the whole, preserves the same commonplace tone, the same forms of expression, cold and artificial, and rendered still more so, by the unceasing recurrence of the rhyme.

The French stage in one respect differs from that of every other country: it is an exact picture of the manners and character of the people; a study, where one may learn the taste, the customs, the modes of dress, of the time, almost as readily as from an observation of the scenes of actual life. In witnessing the progress of a French comedy, one feels as if gazing at some ordinary train of events, rendered perhaps a little more lively than usual; and this effect is heightened by the illusions of the scenery, which places before the audience views and objects with which they are perfectly familiar; for even the streets, the buildings, the gardens and public squares of the city, among which they are every day passing, are faithfully copied. For this reason, the stage being considered a school as well as a picture of manners, is characterized by its propriety and decorum; and the drama of the most licentious people in the world, is more pure and chaste than that of any other nation. In England and America, the stage, particularly in its comic representations, is a scene in which some grotesque and exaggerated view of life and society is given, which bears too little resemblance to our actual condition, to possess any great power to corrupt or to offend.—If vulgar and degrading, as it too often is, we view it as the fault of the author; but we do not recognize in its characters or scenes, either ourselves, our associates, or the subjects of our daily observation; and we therefore retire from the theatre, considering the performance as a mere idle fiction.—Not so with the Frenchman: he visits the theatre, to view and examine the manners, the taste, the scenes of the day, and to imitate and copy them. He feels that he is not gazing at a distorted and extravagant representation, a mere caricature of life—but upon a picture of his own nation, and often of his own particular class of society. It seems, indeed, that whole communities possess the same kind of caprice which is manifested in individual character; and are fond of witnessing in fictitious scenes, subjects very different from those which a knowledge of their characters and tastes would lead us to expect. Thus, the English, who are moral, orderly, averse to scenes of popular commotion and violence, their society severe in its requisitions on character, delight in grotesque and extravagant farces, in gross, licentious, vulgar comedies, in spectacles where men or beasts worry each other, and the cruelty of which almost rivals the barbarities of the ancient arenas; while the French, who pay little true respect to morals, and are ignorant of domestic comfort—who have distinguished themselves in history by their violence and by the atrocity of their deeds in times of political excitement—are disgusted by low representations, and the exhibition of scenes of cruelty and bloodshed. A Frenchman who had witnessed even the horrors of the Revolution, would shudder at a bull-fight or an ordinary English boxing-match.

The dancing of the performers at the Opera is the perfection of that art, and excites admiration and wonder at the power which is given by education, over the muscles of the human body. But although this is often so full of grace and agility, although the music is usually exquisite, and the stage is dazzling, showy, and rich in the most splendid and magnificent illusions of scenery—still the whole is frequently unnatural and tedious; it is felt to be an exhibition in which art and excessive refinement have stifled the taste for nature; and the effect of the rich paintings and fine music is often destroyed by the unnatural and even painful agility of the dancers. Indeed, we are frequently reminded of the observation of Rousseau—that applause is given, rather from our joy that the quavers and distortions are successfully accomplished, than from any real approbation of the performance.

Paris does not appear to have increased much in extent, for some years. It is not a great commercial mart; and vast as it is, owes much of its size to its natural advantages. This capital of a great empire appears to have swelled to its present importance, and to have been arrayed in its elegance, by a general consent to consider it a fountain head, which the honor of the nation requires it to support and augment. The Government has also done much, from similar views; and by making it a centre of refinement, elegance, the arts, and of great public institutions, has raised it to its present state.—Though situated at the distance of a hundred miles from the sea, and upon a narrow and unnavigable river, it contains seven hundred thousand inhabitants—is filled with an almost

numberless variety of literary, scientific, and benevolent institutions, vast manufactories, splendid hospitals and military establishments, as well as those of taste, fashion, and amusement, whose fame is daily increasing, and drawing new travellers from all parts of the earth. No city on the globe is so well known in remote countries as this; and consequently there is no one, within whose walls can be found so great a variety of strangers. Every different language is continually heard in the cafés; and the walks and public gardens always present a striking and amusing contrast of dress, manners, and national character. The streets indeed exhibit a motley and confused appearance. Extremely narrow, and without side-walks, they are thronged with carriages, carts, men, women, children and dogs, all jumbled together in one promiscuous mass. As one threads his way along the middle of a street filled with mud and filth, he is struck with the singular inattention of this people to comfort and neatness. In constant danger of being knocked down by the passing cabriolets, or of falling prostrate in his eagerness while hurrying along the slippery pavement; jostled by market-women, and continually on his guard against being drenched by a pail of dirty water, or bespattered from a sewer which empties into the street; he can scarcely believe that he is indeed in Paris, in the great capital of fashion, elegance and refinement. The national feeling, a power which is superior to law, allows even the public squares and ornamented parts of the city to be thus defiled. Every thing is thrown into the streets; and the heaps of decayed vegetables and refuse food, with the dogs and beggars disputing over them, often present a somewhat disgusting spectacle to those who are abroad early in the morning.

One of the first things which arrests the attention of a stranger, is the great proportion of women which he sees in the streets and shops of Paris. Generally speaking, they acquire from their active habits, an air of health and sprightliness; and are not the less lovely for being the more useful, than in some other countries. Family cares, of which we hear so much at home, are here, among the middle classes, left principally to the servants, while the wife devotes herself to the business of her husband. It is true, that in consequence of this, the family circle suffers on account of her absence, and domestic comfort is a term that is scarcely known; but still the Frenchman is hardly sensible of its loss, accustomed as he is to seek his own pleasure in scenes of public amusement.

The cries of Paris are extremely troublesome to a stranger. Every one, man, woman or child, who has any thing to sell, endeavors to draw attention by clamorous vociferation; and nothing can exceed the discord which they sometimes produce. But very few of the articles of daily use are kept for sale in the shops. They are carried about the streets; and the kitchens being almost uniformly in the front of the houses, their inmates soon learn to distinguish at a distance the voice of the merchant of any particular article, and are prepared accordingly for his approach. These innumerable cries, together with the incessant noise of the street musicians, who grind forth their concerts under every window, are often sources of no slight annoyance.

All the wood which is consumed in the city, is brought down the Seine, upon rafts. The coal is also brought in the same manner; and is afterwards carried about the streets, in bags, upon the heads of the *charbonniers*. The river is covered with bathing houses, generally of two stories, and with large boats or floating platforms, on which hundreds of laundresses are engaged in washing linen, by beating it with flat pieces of wood. It is afterwards hung upon poles to dry, and adds to the motley and singular character of the scene. The Pont Neuf, or New Bridge—by which appellation it has been known for about three hundred years, is the largest of the bridges, and is continually thronged by passengers. It is also occupied by toy-sellers, boot-blacks, and particularly by dog merchants, each of whom, with a cage of puppies before him, and with a shaved dog for a sign, boasts his ability to practice both the medical and the tonsorial art upon these valuable animals. Towering above the whole, the gigantic equestrian statue of Henry IV., which can be seen from almost every part of the city, completes the singularity of the scene. It is here that the stranger should take his stand, in order to view the complication and variety of this great capi-

tal. Here, rolls the busy wave of life, as constantly as does that of the river below: here, gazing on the infinite variety of novel objects, he can best observe the spirit of the people. The appearance of the city also is more imposing from this than from any other point: the river opens a superb vista between the rival palaces of the modern Athens, and the dark and massive beauty of the Institute and the Mint are before him: he gazes on the other side, upon the vast and stately length of the Louvre, and recognizes the very window from which the bloody Charles witnessed and directed the horrible massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day; the Gothic towers of Notre Dame, embrowned by the smoke of six hundred years, are seen rising among the domes and spires of the metropolis: and to the West, far in the distance, stands the gigantic, half-finished triumphal arch erected by Napoleon, and on which he intended to have commemorated his conquest of Russia; but which now remains a sad memorial of his own fate. Here stands the stranger, in the very centre of this city of two thousand years; and meditates, not without emotion, upon the condition and character of the modern Gauls.

J. F. A.

Translated from the French, for the Literary Journal.

MUSIC,

AND SOME OF ITS REMARKABLE EFFECTS.

Jean Jacques Rousseau, whose passionate taste for this art is so well known, could never speak of it without enthusiasm. The Musician, he says, can at his will, create a tempest, or restore tranquillity to the most troubled waves. He makes the winding brook glide gently on in its course; or precipitates the lofty mountain torrent, with its terrific roar. Sometimes he surrounds with an air pure and serene, and sometimes he startles us with the noise of the thunderbolt, and exhibits the fearful wrestling of the elements. Again the strain comes to us, like a gentle breeze of Spring, escaped from the orchestra as from a sweetly scented grove; and, as it were, diffuses itself into the inmost recesses of our souls. These illusions no other act can produce with a power equal to that of music.

The opinion here expressed by Rousseau, has been that of the most ancient inhabitants of the earth. Among these, as beyond comparison the most grave as well as most happy, we must place the Chinese. According to them, music is the first among the sciences, and is the moving spring of all good morals. With this idea, we cannot but be surprised that Chinese music has even to the present day, received so little attention; and that the composers and performers of that nation are now so imperfectly known to us. It is true, that in order to judge correctly of the progress and merit of their music, it would be necessary for us to identify it with their sentiments, their tastes and their moral habits; a thing which cannot be done; for their jealousy of strangers will allow no European the means for such an investigation.

This art, so much esteemed by the Chinese, has received improvements among them, from century to century. This we have no reason to doubt; and we should indeed be induced to believe it on account of the excellent maxim which we have cited above, if no other reason existed; for this strongly indicates the reality of that profound knowledge of the art, which this people are reputed to have acquired.

The Jews also, it is said, attached much importance and value to music. This sublime art, said they, prepares the soul to receive impressions of piety and virtue. Before revealing the will of the Lord, which had been confided to him, the prophet Elisha required that a musical performer should, by his sweet harmony, prepare the minds of the people to receive the inspiration. Many well known prodigies have been attributed to music, in the narratives of Christian, as well as of fabulous antiquity. Jericho saw her walls prostrated at the sound of the trumpet; and on the other hand, those of Thebes were raised by the harmony of Amphion, with so much regularity and magnificence, that we can safely assert, that since that period, the works of the musicians have not in all countries equalled those of the architects.—By the tones which David drew from his harp, he calmed at his will, the fury and the sufferings of King Saul; and when the Greek Tyrtan sounded his martial lyre, a violent rage for battle seized the hearts of the Athenians. We can easily conceive the truth of this last assertion; for modern music

has still power to raise the courage, and cause it to face the perils of death. It has yet power also to soothe the passions; and perhaps may carry this influence too far; for in quieting our feelings, and restoring us to perfect tranquillity, it sometimes lulls us to sleep; which is evidently rather exceeding its object.

Nor have there been wanting, in modern times, those who have ascribed to music as high a degree of importance as it attained among the ancients. Not to speak particularly of France, let us listen to the words of one of her most noble, her most eloquent writers, while descanting upon the value of the art in question. "Singing," says M. de Chateaubriand, "is the offspring of prayer; and prayer is the handmaid of religion."

To these words of a man of great genius, let us add those of one who saw equally well all the things of this world;—Shakspeare, whose mind was eminently profound and elevated, whatever might be the subject to which it was directed:

"The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved by concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted——"

There are other authorities so ungenerous as to express little or no charity for minds which are insensible to the effects of music. It is indeed not only a graceful and fascinating art, but it is sometimes an efficacious incentive to virtue, and in some degree even to social order and public tranquillity; and would therefore almost seem literally to justify the sentiment of the immortal Shakspeare.

To show how universally its power is felt, let us pass from the proofs which these illustrious men have furnished us, to some examples of a different class: let us inquire respecting the influence which it possesses over animals. We shall not speak of trees or of rocks; nor of the tigers which were made to dance, when captivated by the miraculous tones of the lyre of Orpheus. These effects are less credibly attested than those to which we refer, and we merely notice them in passing. But, in our own day, the learned Ariste has discovered that asses have a peculiar susceptibility to the harmonies of sound. M. Dupont de Nemours, in the valuable work which he has published, on the habits, the language and the aptitudes of different species of animals, has also made several observations of the same nature; and a short time since, the *Constitutionnel*, a political journal, furnished us with an anecdote of which a *dilettante spider* was the principal subject.

After authorities of such weight, it would be useless to assert that animals do not partake, in common with the reasonable part of creation, the pleasure arising from music.

Still however, there resides at Montpellier, a skilful and eminent physician, who sometimes cures diseases, and contends that the power of enjoying music requires peculiarities of organization which man possesses, and which animals do not. It is true however, that the greatest minds cannot always fortify themselves against error and prejudice. Every thing conflicts with the opinion which the learned Professor to whom we refer, has so positively advanced.

Not only are these same species of animals, breathing the air, and looking up to the heavens like ourselves, which share in the musical susceptibility with which we are endowed; but it may be asserted to our disparagement, that certain animals, more delicately organized than many of our race, manifest a liveliness of impression which a musical fanatic in an Italian balcony, might envy. This fact has been already established, as we have before said, by the *Constitutionnel*, a grave journal, in which not even a momentary doubt is expressed respecting the reality of those transports of admiration which were exhibited by the *dilettante spider*, when a sonata of which he was particularly fond, was performed on the piano. To this anecdote of the spider, whose taste was so passionate and at the same time so correct, we will add one of the canary bird of Locatelli, which justly called forth his admiration, as we shall see. It is said that while Locatelli, a virtuoso of whom all the world has doubtless heard, was playing on his piano a certain piece of music from Corelli, with which the canary bird was always much delighted, this charming and spirited little creature fell down entranced, in its cage, from the perch on which it stood. It is unnecessary to add, that before its fall, it had been tossing

itself about on the perch, with all the expressive and enthusiastic demonstrations of delight which are exhibited by a *di-lattante* in a box of an Italian theatre. These two examples amply prove that the enchanting power of music is not confined to the human species only; but there are other facts which may serve to render this evident to the most incredulous.

Dogs possess an organization eminently susceptible of music. We have frequently seen one of them violently agitated, or deeply dejected, after listening to the performance of several pieces in succession. So great is the nervous sensibility of many of them, that if the tune by which they are affected is continued for a length of time, they lose all their strength, and sometimes even die. Can we be accused of exaggeration here? Richard Mead gives the following account of a case in point.—“A celebrated performer of my acquaintance, observed that a dog which sat listening to him very attentively, at a particular passage manifested the most extraordinary sensations: he howled in a frightful manner, and appeared to suffer violent anguish. One day, the performer, in order to watch the result, dwelt on the same tone much longer than usual. This curiosity was fatal to the poor dog; who fell at the feet of his master, and there died, a victim to his too exquisite musical sensibility.”

Horses have always manifested great fondness for music. The flute appears to be the instrument in which they most delight. This propensity in them, is no recent discovery; it was known at a very remote period of antiquity. We read in Aristotle and Atheneus, that the Crotonians used their knowledge of the fact to very good advantage, in an expedition against the Sybarites. Having learned that that effeminate people had taught their horses to dance to the sound of the flute, the Crotonians, at the moment when the combat was about to begin, instead of sounding the charge, commenced playing upon their flutes. The enemies' horses, much against the wishes of their riders, were soon dancing and leaping in confusion; and in the heat of their transport, ended by passing over to the side of the Crotonians; carrying with them their masters, much surprised at such an incident of war.

The same effect is sometimes produced upon certain horses, by the sound of the human voice; but instances of this fact are more rare. The vocalist Laine had a voice uncommonly strong and piercing. During a performance of the *Triumph of Trajan*, in that part of the opera in which the victor's car appears, drawn by four Franconian steeds, he surprised them by his powerful tones. While singing the triumphal song near the car, the horses, which, decorated as they were, perhaps no other sound in the world would have moved, began to rear, and to kick each other, carrying dismay among the crowd of lictors and vestals with which the car of Licinius was surrounded. Was it fright, pleasure, or pain, to which this emotion should be attributed? This point it will not be easy to decide; but the facts which we have related, clearly prove the susceptibility of horses to the music of the human voice; as well as to that of certain instruments, particularly of the flute: the truth of which is also established by the unquestioned authority of Atheneus and Aristotle.

For the Literary Journal.
E T H I C S.

The word *Ethics*, in its critical signification, applies to action, of whatever nature; but in common acceptation, and in philosophical application, it has a more comprehensive import. It is used interchangeably with *Morals* or *Moral Philosophy*, and denotes one great branch of human knowledge. Moral science differs from physical, in one great particular—in that its principles are seldom capable of direct and experimental demonstration, but must be supported by appeals to the intellectual powers of men, operating abstractedly. The relations of right and wrong cannot be shown to the outward senses of man, but must be made apparent by a mental process, and by the aid of the convictions of conscience. Nor is moral principle so certain and fixed as a process in mathematics; but judgment and reason are brought most completely into action in the investigation of the former. There is a more exact adjustment of the scales of reason necessary in one case than in the other.

Ethical philosophy comprehends many objects of study, which are improving and ennobling to the reason and moral character of man. The investigation and display of the instinctive powers of beings of a material constitution, as sensation, appetite, passion, and the active principle, are subjects upon which the moralist bestows deep attention. The faculties of the soul, reason, reflection, imagination, perception, affection, retrospection and will, excite his awe for their original Creator, and engage his most profound study and speculation. The connection between the intelligent spirit and the sentient body of man, the sympathy which exists between them, and their mutual exertion of power over each other, enlist all his faculties in their demonstration. The eternally subsisting relations of moral good and evil, employ his whole soul, in showing the identity and essential character of each. The existence of exalted Spirits, forms a theme of protracted reflection; and the conception affords a boundless field for the contemplative and philosophizing mind. The mode of intercourse between spiritual beings, their interchange of thoughts and of feelings, the employments of those beings, and the unshackled range which is given to their acquiring faculties, these are legitimate parts of a system of morals. The obligation of law upon the reverence and obedience of men and other beings, with the foundation of the obligation, and the necessity of legal sanctions, would appear to claim kindred with the principles we have cited.—The operation of causes, whether proximate or original, and the appropriateness of their effects, be they primary or ultimate, are subjects of moral speculation. Finally, the nature of God, his existence, his attributes, and the pervading energy of his will, form a grand epitome of the whole science. As the Prime Cause, the Supreme Legislator, the omnipotent, the all-intelligent Spirit, and the One eternal Moral Agent, he forms the grand object upon which the eye of the moral philosopher should invariably rest; for the existence and attributes of that Being are the foundation and the pillars of the universal moral edifice.

The study of ethics is thus ultimately calculated to excite and foster a spirit of reverence and devotion towards that benevolent Being who has so constituted frail yet noble human nature, that it may find happiness in study and contemplation.

PHILOLETHES.

For the Literary Journal.

S T A N Z A S.

WRITTEN ON A DREARY DAY IN DECEMBER.

Shame, shame, thou gaudy rose—why bloom you here,

While ruthless Winter bows thy sister wild

By the bleak hedge-row? have ye not a tear

For her sad fate? or has thy fortune mild,

Nursed by a had as delicate and soft

As thine own petals, planted in thy breast

A cold forgetfulness? Ah! thus how oft

Is human sympathy beguiled to rest?

Aye, aye, thou favored one, well mayst thou blush

And hang thy head at memory's reproach:

Thou knowest well 'tis but thy tint, thy flush,

That makes a hospice 'neath this vaulted roof

For thy inhabitation—that shouldst thou fade,

Thy leaves forsake thee, and thy life dry up—

How well thou mightst regret thy native glade;

How soon taste worse than thy wild sister's cup.

Nay, even now, were I that sister fair,

I would not barter the broad heaven above,

The earth around—thy mother—and the hope

Of Spring's pure joy, the wild birds' note of love,

For thy more favored lot: for though the blast

Comes harshly now upon her, and her head

Is bowed with ice, the fetter cannot last,

More than the gelid spell that wraps the dead.

Spring will be here anon, with all her hues

Of beauty, to enrobe that patient flower;

But will she visit *thee* with her sweet dews,

Or swell thy bosom with a balmy shower?

Will a bright sunbeam, when the cloud hath passed,

Kiss from thy ruddy cheek the trembling tear?

Or Philomel make music of the blast,

And pour its sweetness on thy ravished ear?

Ah, no—thou know'st no other hope or change,
But here to fade and bloom, and bloom and fade—
No song may charm thee, nor thy free eye range
O'er all the opening beauties of the glade,
In unchecked rapture: thou a slave must be,
And languish here 'mid luxury and pride;
So have I seen a maiden, fair and free,
Sell all of life, to be the wealthier bride.

THE LITERARY JOURNAL.

EDITED BY ALBERT G. GREENE.

PROVIDENCE, SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1834.

HISTORICAL NOTICES
OF THE PRINCIPAL MATERIALS AND METHODS, WHICH HAVE BEEN USED
AND ADOPTED, FOR THE PRESERVATION OF
W R I T T E N L A N G U A G E.
NUMBER THREE.

Parchment and Vellum Books.—Improvements in the Founding of Type.—Improvements and inventions by Brietkopf.—Stereotype: the difficulties encountered by its Inventor.—Printing by Steam.—Koenig's Steam Printing Machine.—Conclusion.

In the infancy of printing, many books were made of parchment and vellum, owing to the inadequate supply of paper; and it being also an object, on account of their great cost, that the copies should be of the most durable materials.—With the increase of paper, this practice was gradually discontinued, and at length was entirely abandoned: but there are several beautiful specimens of vellum printing still extant. One of the finest is a Roman breviary, published in Venice in 1478, a large folio of 401 leaves. The vellum is described as being of the finest quality, “thin and perfectly white, and the typography so smooth and well defined, as to vie with the most beautiful impression from copperplate. It is printed in black and red ink, and decorated with splendid illuminations in gold and different vivid colors, and with paintings of animals. Whole pages are in red ink which has no gloss, but the black ink is extremely deep, and shines as if varnished.” A copy of this edition was purchased for the Advocates' Library in Scotland, about twenty years ago, for one hundred guineas.

There is now at Florence, a remarkable volume, formerly belonging to the family of the Prince de Ligne, which is neither written, printed, nor engraved. Its Latin title may be thus translated: “The Book of the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ, with its letters and characters impressed on no material.” Each of its leaves is a piece of the most highly finished vellum, through which every letter is cut with great accuracy and precision. The vellum is interleaved with fine blue paper, which appearing through the apertures formed by the letters, renders the whole as legible as if printed. It contains, in addition to the text, a great variety of cuttings of different objects; and among them, the arms of England; and has therefore been conjectured to have been executed in that country. The volume is supposed to be of very considerable antiquity, but its exact date has never been ascertained. In 1640, Rodolphus of Germany offered in vain to purchase it, for eleven thousand ducats.

About the middle of the last century, a method for facilitating the casting of type, and for giving the requisite degree of hardness to the metal, was discovered by Brietkopf, a celebrated type-founder and printer at Leipsic. In addition to the practical benefits thus conferred by this individual, he was also the author of several curious inventions connected with it. After reading a work by Durer, in which the author had attempted to deduce the forms of the letters of the alphabet from mathematical principles, he formed new matrices, and fashioned his letters according to the most beautiful models. His office and foundry contained matrices and stamps for four hundred different alphabets. His industry was unremitting, his invention rapid, and his perseverance invincible. Finding that engraving on wood had been the origin of printing, and that the latter had contributed to improve the former, he endeavored to produce the ordinary effects of engraving, by means of *moveable types*. In this manner he actually succeeded in printing the Chinese characters—sheets of music, with all its marks and lines—mathematical figures, and maps; and at length, even printed copies of portraits

with sets of moveable types which he had formed for that purpose.

One of the most important inventions connected with printing, is the Stereotype. The name of this process is derived from the Greek words *stereos tupsos*, solid-type. After a page has been set in ordinary type and corrected, a mould of plaster, the basis of which is gypsum, is formed, by embedding the page within it. In this mould a solid plate of metal is cast, forming an exact fac-simile of the page of moveable type. This process was invented by William Ged, a goldsmith of Edinburgh, in 1725; but so great was the opposition it met in Scotland, that he found it impossible to introduce it into use in any printing office in that country. He was destitute of pecuniary means; and although assistance was promised him, for a share of the profits, he could obtain for the establishment of an office, after the exertion of two years, only twenty-two pounds sterling, even on those conditions. He then went to London, and was there met by the whole strength of the printers and publishers; who feared that the introduction of his method would, in a great degree, destroy their business. Thus baffled, he returned to Scotland; and it was not until ten years of his life had been wasted in unavailing attempts, that he succeeded in procuring a single stereotype book to be printed. Not one printer could be prevailed on to set the type which was necessary for the formation of his moulds. He nevertheless persevered under every discouragement, and against every obstacle, assisted only by his son, a boy of twelve years, an apprentice to a printer,—who set the type at midnight and during the short intervals of his regular daily labor: and in 1739, he published a stereotype edition of Sallust, in one hundred and twenty pages, duodecimo, with a Latin imprint, which, rendered into English, is as follows:—"Edinburgh: Printed by William Ged, goldsmith, of Edinburgh; not from the ordinary *moveable types*, but from *cast tablets*, or *plates*."

The principal advantages of stereotype are—security against typographical errors; the saving of time which would otherwise be required for re-setting the matter for new editions; and of expense in the wear and purchase of type;—for, a stereotype plate does not require to be more than one seventh the thickness of a page of ordinary type. In the printing of books of ready and constant sale, nearly one half the ordinary expense is saved.

The opposition to this improvement was not only severe, but long continued. Mr Ged died in 1749; and neither himself nor his family derived any benefit from his exertions in the cause of Art. His name was almost forgotten even in his native country, when his memoirs were first published, in 1781.

The narrative of this man's fate is but one among many similar tales which darken the history of genius; but there is nevertheless something deeply touching in the simple facts which it contains. His own unwearied devotion and perseverance—the powerful, combined, and extended opposition which he was thus silently laboring to overcome—the stealthy and midnight labor of the child, toiling, and wasting his infant strength in the unproductive service of his overburdened, scorned and persecuted father—all form a picture of true pathos, which is exceeded by few in the pages of fiction. It is heightened, moreover, by the reflection, that to them these labors were unavailing; and that among the thousands who are now reaping the golden harvest of their fruitless privations and unrewarded skill, so few have ever even heard their name; or who, if by chance it should meet their ears, would turn from the acquisition of sordid gain, to hear the brief story of the fate of those, who have furnished them the means of wealth, and died themselves perhaps in want of bread.

The last great event in the history of printing is the application of steam power to effect its purposes. The steam printing machine was invented by Mr Koenig, a native of Saxony; who visited London in 1804, and after several years of difficulty and disappointment, succeeded in erecting two of his machines for the proprietors of the London Times, on which that journal was first printed on the twenty-ninth of November, 1814. It is perhaps impossible to convey in so few words, a more vivid idea of the effects of this machinery, than is contained in the following passage from the paper of that day:—

"The reader now holds in hand, one of the many thousands of impressions of the Times newspaper, which were taken off, last night, by a mechanical apparatus. A system of machinery almost organic has been devised and arranged, which, while it relieves the human frame of its most laborious efforts in printing, far exceeds all human power, in rapidity and despatch. That the magnitude of the invention may be justly appreciated by its effects, we shall inform the public, that after the letters have been placed by the compositor, and enclosed in what is called the "form," little more remains for man to do, than to attend upon and watch this unconscious agent in its operations. The machine is merely supplied with paper: itself places the form, inks it, adjusts the paper to the form newly inked, stamps the sheet, and gives it forth to the hands of the attendant; at the same time, withdrawing the form for a fresh coat of ink, which itself again distributes to meet the ensuing sheet now advancing for impression;—and the whole of these complicated acts is performed with such velocity and simultaneousness of movement, that no less than eleven hundred sheets are impressed in one hour."

But even this great despatch was soon exceeded by the improvements made in the machinery. After repeated trials by Mr Koenig and others, the apparatus was carried to such perfection in 1824, that both sides of the paper were printed at the same time, and two thousand impressions thus executed in a single hour.

Such is a very brief outline of the origin and advancement of an art, which during the four last centuries, has totally changed the condition of civilized society; and which must hold over the future destinies of man, an influence so incalculable that all attempts to measure or define it are in vain.

The remarks which we have offered on our general subject, have already extended beyond the limits which we had prescribed: but they should not be closed, without some reference to one great consideration which the whole review forces upon the mind.

It has been thought, that no production of human skill, no work of human origin, can be pronounced imperishable: that no effect proceeding from the mere exercise of created intelligence, can ever become so widely extended and so firmly established, but that in the long course of successive ages, it may become extinct, and blotted from the memory of man. Have then the present methods for preserving and diffusing written thought, and the resources of civilization to which these have so materially contributed, now arrived at a point, beyond the possibility of gradual decay and final oblivion?

The productions of the press, although immeasurably more extensive, are far less durable, than the written labors of former times. If, by some unforeseen combination of causes, the onward march of intellect should be checked, and the labors of the press should gradually cease, how soon would all these be mingled with the dust: how brief would be the existence of those vast accumulations of wisdom and knowledge which we now command.

Those former nations whose institutions appear to have been formed for perpetuity—whose consummate skill and high standards of art excite our admiration, have passed away; and of all their attainments, have left but enough to enable us to estimate the value of that far greater portion which is lost. The fate of these is a familiar tale—but it has been believed, that long before the era which was illuminated by their glories, there existed nations highly cultivated and refined; nations which had flourished and decayed; whose authentic histories have perished, but the signs of whose existence can be discerned in the tales of Titans and giants, of heroes and demi-gods; in the allusions to primeval arts, and the narratives of superhuman intelligence and power, which are incorporated with the whole fabric of the Heathen Mythology.

We know that there exist productions of ancient skill which present mysteries whose solution has baffled all the powers of modern science: and that besides these still visible memorials, there are other mementos of lost inventions, dim traces of forgotten arts, gleamings of long departed splendor, indefinite indeed, but yet by their very indistinctness, raising our doubt and wonder.

If, as these seem to intimate, there have existed other states of society highly cultivated and refined, which by some sudden causes, or by a series of moral revolutions, have been crushed and wasted away, and their histories forgotten in a period of succeeding darkness;—if all which appertains to earth, in the moral as in the natural world, is forever subject to one immutable law of progression and decay;—may not,

nay, will not a period again arrive, when the moral and intellectual glories of our race shall have sunk beneath the stream of time, like the monuments of the antedeluvian world beneath the overwhelming deluge?—and when, at some far distant point of futurity, another progression of improvement and discovery shall have renewed those triumphs of the mind, may not the same doubting and uncertain view be cast back upon all that will then remain of our arts and science, that we now extend towards the dim shadows of that former glory?

We cannot say that these conclusions are not true; for it is not given to the limited powers of humanity, to scan the hidden purposes of the Eternal and the Infinite. Such conclusions have been drawn, by minds of more than ordinary strength, enriched from the stores of learning, and familiar with all the records of the past. But ought we thus to read and interpret the volume of History, the lessons of Nature, and the pages of Inspiration? Are there any sources of information, from which deliberate reason can predict the prospects of the future, by a comparison of the present with the dim and doubtful remnants of the past? Has not indeed the invention of printing itself rendered vain all attempts thus to apply the results of experience?

The diffusion of written knowledge among the most enlightened nations of antiquity, was slow and limited; its depositories few and comparatively inaccessible, and confined to a narrow portion of the earth. Since this invention, Science has gone forth, exploring every clime, circumnavigating every shore, and bearing the productions and the knowledge of this art to almost every spot upon the world's vast surface. Thus extended and established, what bounds can be set to its effects or its duration? Whole sections of the earth may be depopulated by the sword, by pestilence, or by the convulsions of nature, and its productions there be destroyed: but by what possible combination of events can the art itself ever be totally lost?

The volume of Inspiration yields cheering assurances of an approaching period of intelligence hitherto unattained by man. It foretells a time when the whole earth shall be pervaded by its own pure and simple truths. This art must be the great instrument by which that consummation is to be attained. The light which is streaming from the Press, upon the clouds of ignorance and error, is, like the primeval rainbow, a token of security and safety. The visions of Hope and the deductions of Reason, the promptings of Faith, and the promises of Revelation, are the same: all conspiring to assure us, that our accumulations of knowledge and facilities for mental cultivation here, are not subject to successive destruction and renewal, by an inexorable doom; but, that all which our faculties can here acquire, may be preserved, to aid the spirit onward in that course of progressive improvement, to which its earthly sojourn is but the first preparatory scene—the dim and clouded entrance to a path of increasing light and knowledge, to which it is bound by a destiny as certain as is that great truth, that God has not made man in vain.

G.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are always happy to receive and insert any well written papers on the subject of Education, or which contain such information respecting the methods of instruction in any particular institution as may be interesting to our readers. All articles of that description will meet with prompt attention; but we will once more repeat, that we do not, and will not, admit puffs or advertisements, in the form of communications.

FOR THE NEXT NUMBER.

The Head of John the Baptist.

Stanzas on Friendship.

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SELECTIONS.—Personal Character and Habits of Milton.—The Library.—Dome of St. Peter's.—Archbishop Sharpe and the Highwayman.—Poetry.—Jerusalem.—Bradgate Park.—To Goethe.—Life and Death.

Miscellaneous Selections.

From the Cincinnati Mirror.

JERUSALEM.

Queen of Judea's stricken land!
Thy garland, faded from thy brow,
Lies withered on the desert's sand,
And trampled by the Arab now.—
The laurel boughs of Lebanon,
Still brush the blue unspotted sky;—
Their plumes still quiver in the sun,
Which lights thy ruins from on high:—
But on thy brow so desolate,
Seems stamped the blasting seal of fate!—
Bright Kedron's brook still flows along
In odors, 'neath the palm tree's shade,
Unmindful of the pilgrim's song,
Upon its banks there weeping laid;—
And Gethsemen's spicy bowers
Trail their low vines upon the ground:—
Withered and blasted are its flowers,
Which once did lull their fragrance, round;
Nought greens the cursed and sterile clod,
Save where perchance the Saviour trod!—
But nought upon thy guilt-stained brow
Will rear its verdant, blooming head!—
Nought but the pale meteor's glow
Lights up the city of the dead!
Thou fallen Queen! thy lyre is broke,
Which thrilled to thy own God alone!
No longer to th' inspired stroke
Of monarch minstrel on the throne,
Its chords of gratitude resound,
Or breathe their hallowed notes around.
Above the sculptured column's form,
The mournful cypress twines in gloom,
Whilst in the glistening sunbeams warm
The scorpion basks upon the tomb!
The marble hall where music rolled,
The silent street—the holy dome
Of thousand spires of gleaming gold,
Are now the savage jackall's home!
And o'er the temple's sacred shrines,
A wreath of death, the ivy, twines:—
For o'er thy brow, Jerusalem,
Calvry's strained height, in vengeance towers:
The blood which dropped from Jesse's stem,
Still reddens in Gethsemen's bowers.—
But shall the desert's sun no more
Shed its bright rays round nature's tomb?
Shall not the star which glittered o'er
The heathen night of blackest gloom,
Again gleam round its emerald light—
Again dispel Judea's night?
Rise! Rise, Imperial Salem, rise!
Lo! on thee dawns Millennial morn!
Look up! look up, upon the skies!
See—see, its herald star, new born,
Hangs o'er thy brow a brilliant token,
That the dread curse's spell is broken!

BRADGATE PARK.
ONCE THE RESIDENCE OF LADY JANE GREY.

This was thy home then, gentle Jane!
This thy green solitude;—and here
At evening, from thy gleaming pane,
Thine eye oft watched the dappled deer
While the soft sun was in its wane,
Browsing beneath the brooklet clear:
The brook runs still, the sun sets now,
The deer yet browseth; where art thou?
Oh, gentle Dudley! Where art thou?
Have years so rolled, that not a track
Of even thy chamber lingereth now
To call thine image sweetlier back?
The careless chair at window-bow,
The ruined lute, the crumbling wrack
Of broderie, the forgotten glove,
The learned book, thy virgin love;—
None, none of these abide to tell
Thy gentle tale,—yet it is told!
The silence of the breathless dell
Is musical of thee; the cold
And mournful water passeth well
Thy house's ruin, as of old,
And pineth with a watery sound
Its little hymn to thy lone ground!
The air is sainted;—never shone
More tender light on greener grass,
Than that which kisseth turf and stone
Of thy decayed house; alas!
The aged, drooping trees make moan
For thee, sweet girl! And many a lass

Pauseth at morn upon her way,
And grieveth for the Lady Grey.

Here was thy life! Here was thy bower,
By this light water! Thy hard death
Was, far away in town and tower,
And cruel hands destroyed thy breath:
Might they not let so young a flower
Bud all its beauty in life's wreath?
What must have been that guilty sense,
That had such fear of innocence!
But though thy young and bridal heart
Was tortured, thy brave spirit, still
Untroubled, left its mortal part,
And halloweth now each dell and hill;
It liveth yet, by gracious art,
For ever here; and that wild thrill
The stranger feels of love and pain,
Is the present voice of the Lady Jane.

[The following is a translation of the dedicatory stanzas annexed to the works of Frederick Ruckert, the German poet.]

TO GOETHE.

Darkly beautiful East,
Wilt thou pamper and feast,
In thy chambers, on banquets of roses and wine,
HIM, thy pale sister West,
From a boy hath caressed?
Wilt thou stoop thee, her rival, around him to twine?
Yes—I see it is done;
By her own setting sun,
On thy couch, like a God, I behold him recline.
The calm breast of Eve
All in crimson would heave,
When his young eye was bright as her rivalless star:
Now the bosom of Morn
Hath esteemed it no scorn
To outblush all the crimson e'er kindled her car:
Both are fair,—both are bright;
When in love they unite—
Sure the fate of their lover's too lovely by far!
Nay, but smile not: behold,
Though his arm may be old,
Did ye e'er see more nerve in an arm that was younger?
Or the strings of a lyre,
Swept with touches of fire,
Into magical cadences melting you longer?
Come, confess there is fire in
The naphthas of Iran!
No, young Goethe, 'neath Italy's sky, was not stronger!
Yet, oh yet, in his veins
All the fervor remains—
All the love, and the scorn, and the passionate glow,
All the raptures of life
In his bosom are rife—
And his star shines as bright as it rose long ago.
O—I say not for ever—
But, long, long, Thou Great Giver,
May the spirit be such, and the victory so!
May he borrow from those,
With whose glory he glows,
The old charm of The East for the conquest of age!
May the hundredth bright year
Close in peace o'er the peer
Of Saadi the Splendid and Dshani the Sage!
May his eye to the last
Keep the fire of the past—
And the spirit of Goethe be clear as his page!

LIFE AND DEATH.

The longer life, the more offence;
The more offence, the greater pain;
The greater pain, the less defence;
The less defence, the lesser gain—
The loss of gain, long ill doth try,
Wherefore, come, Death, and let me die!
The shorter life, less count I find;
The less account, the sooner made;
The count soon made, the merrier mind;
The merrier mind doth thought invade—
Short life, in truth, this thing doth try,
Wherefore, come, Death, and let me die!
Come, gentle Death, the ebb of care;
The ebb of care, the flood of life;
The flood of life, the joyful fare;
The joyful fare, the end of strife—
The end of strife, that thing wish I—
Wherefore, come, Death, and let me die!

PORTRAITS.—A portrait painter in large practice, might write a pretty book on the vanity and singularity of his sitters. A certain man came to Copley, and had himself his

wife, and seven children, all included in a family piece:—"It wants but one thing," said he, "and that is the portrait of my first wife—for this one is my second." "But," said the artist, "she is dead, you know, sir—what can I do; she is only to be admitted as an angel." "Oh, no! not at all," answered the other; "she must come in as a woman—no angels for me." The portrait was added, but some time elapsed before the person came back: when he returned he had a stranger lady on his arm. "I must have another cast of your hand, Copley," he said; "an accident befall my second wife: this lady is my third, and she is come to have her likeness included in the family picture." The painter complied—the likeness was introduced—and the husband looked with a glance of satisfaction on his three spouses—not so the lady—she remonstrated—never such a thing heard of—her predecessors must go. The artist painted them out accordingly; and had to bring an action at law, to obtain payment for the portraits which he had obliterated.—Cunningham's *Lives of the Painters*.

TURKISH DECLARATION OF WAR.—The following is said to be a copy of the Declaration of War issued by Mahomet IV, against Leopold, Emperor of Germany, in 1663.

"By the grace of God, the great God in Heaven, We Molo Mahomet god of the earth, renowned and powerful Emperor of Babylon and Judea, from the rising to the setting of the sun, king of all earthly kings, mighty ruler of Arabia and Mauritania, born triumphant sovereign of Jerusalem, possessor of the tomb of Christ the crucified, declare to thee, Emperor of Germany, to thee, king of Poland, and to all the chiefs of thy land, as well as to the Pope of Rome, his cardinals and bishops, that We are resolved to attack thee with 13 kings, 1,300,000 men on horseback and on foot, with Turkish courage unknown to thee and thine. We will visit thee in Vienna thy capital, and pursue thee and the King of Poland and all thy allies, sword in hand, burning, plundering, murdering and destroying thy country and subjects. As for thee, thou shalt suffer the most horrible death that can be imagined. As thy government is weak and cruel even among Christians, we will wrest from thee, with fire sword, thy Empire and Kingdom, and likewise overthrow and annihilate the See of Rome and its triple crown.

"This, Emperor of Germany and King of Poland, is our declaration to thee and to all thy dependants; and We moreover inform thee, that these words will speedily be followed by deeds, for which thou hast to hold thyself in readiness.

"Given in our powerful city Stamboul; containing 1630 streets, 90 hospitals, 1000 public baths, 997 fountains, 120 markets, 115 stables for mules, 480 inns for foreigners, 1632 great and small schools, 4122 mosques and churches. This great and powerful city is four German miles in circumference, and on its walls are 360 strong towers. Our ancestors wrested it from the hands of the Christians, whose wives and children were murdered before their eyes. Thus will We treat thee and all Christians, to prove our hatred and disdain.

"Given in the 25th year of Our age and the 7th of Our potent reign. (Signed) MOLO MAHOMET."

LITERARY FERTILITY.—In Weber's Northern Antiquities, we find the following instance of literary application, which, taking all circumstances into consideration, is perhaps without parallel.

Lans Sacks was born in Nuremberg, in the year 1494: he was taught the trade of a shoemaker, and acquired a bare rudimental education, reading and writing; but being instructed by the master-singers of those days, in the praiseworthy art of poetry, he, at fourteen, began the practice, and continued to make verses and songs, and plays and puns, boots and books, until the seventy-seventh year of his age: at this time, he took an inventory of his poetical stock in trade, and found, according to his own narrative, that his works filled thirty folio volumes! all written with his own hand; and consisted of four thousand two hundred mastership songs, two hundred and eight comedies, tragedies, and farces (some of which, extended to seven acts); one thousand seven hundred fables, tales and miscellaneous poems; and seventy-three devotional, military, and love songs: making a sum total of six thousand and forty-eight pieces, great and small: out of these, we are informed, he culled as many as filled three massive folios, which were published in the years 1558-61: and another edition being called for, he increased this to six volumes folio, by an abridgment from his other works.

None but Lope de Vega exceeded him in the quantity of his rythmical productions.

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